

The Pinkerton Critic



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The Pinkerton Critic

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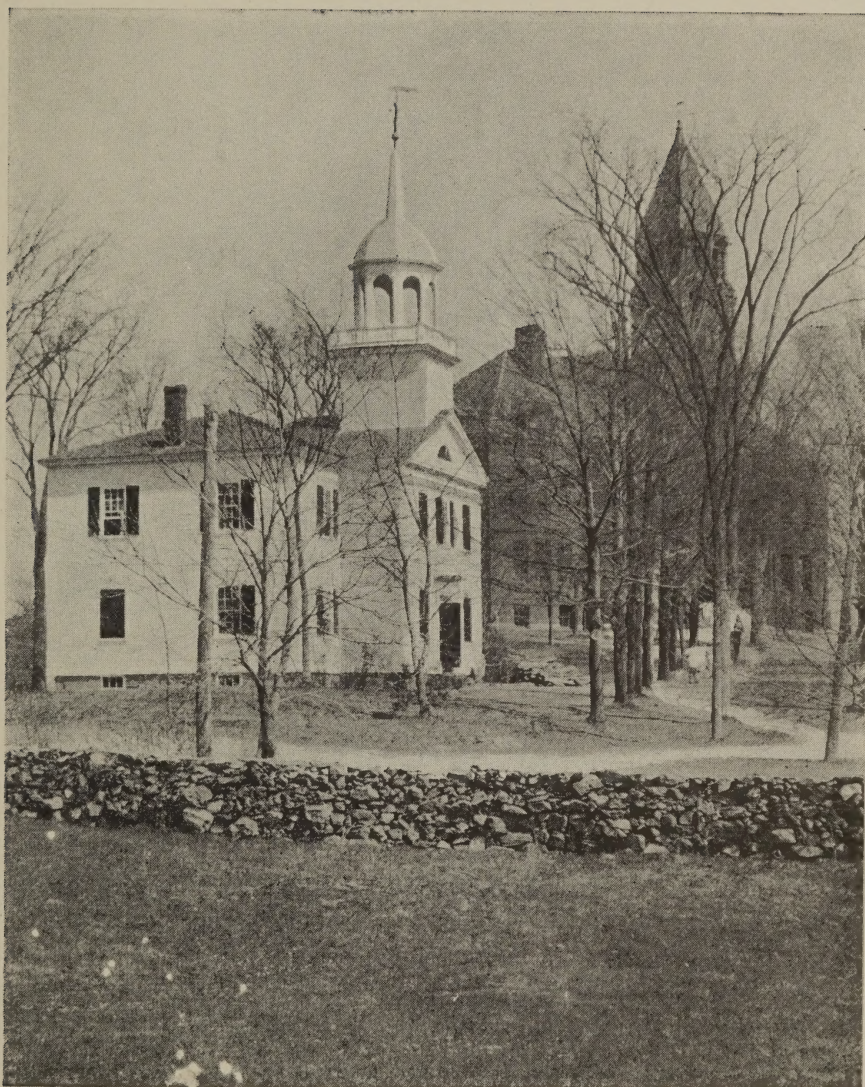
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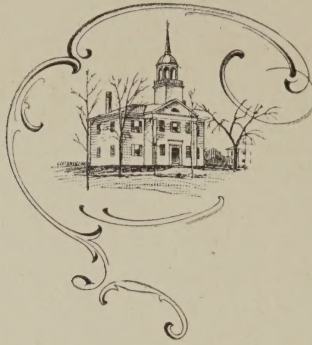
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" O Pinkerton, We Hail Thee. "



O Pinkerton, We Hail Thee.

Charles L. Merriam.

1. O Pin-ker-ton, we hail thee, Fac-ing the east-ern light; We'll strive for thee and
 2. O Pin-ker-ton, thy beau-ty Rests not in out-ward arts; But in the cher-ished
 3. O Pin-ker-ton, our heart's shrine Shelters the red and the white; Pledge we to lift thine
 4. O Pin-ker-ton, we'll cherish—Thy blessed name al - way; Ne'er shall thy glo-ry

Cuo.—O Pin-ker-ton, we hail thee, Fac-ing the east - ern light; We'll strive for thee and

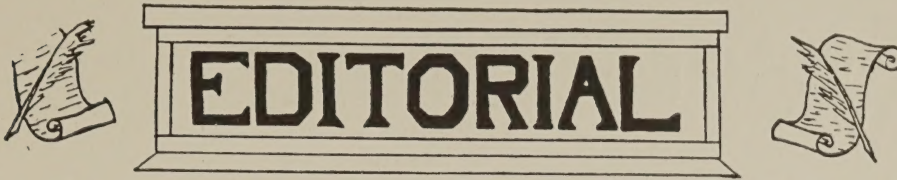
FINE.

praise thee—For the red and for the white. Fair is the sky a - bove thee, High are the
 du - ty Of loy-al, faith-ful hearts. Now we will lift thy standard, Forth to the
 en - sign For truth and for the right. May nothing base and bane-ful Dark-en its
 per - ish, Hail Pin - ker-ton for aye! Forth from thy halls we wander, Forth in-to

praise thee—For the red and for the white.

D.C.

cir-cling hills; . Love - ly the valleys 'neath thee Joy-ous with murr'ring rills.
 com-bat go; . . Firm hearted, pressing for-ward Conquering ev - ery foe.
 ra - diant hem; . May no dis-hon-or shame-ful Stain its fair name to men.
 toil and strife; . Thy lessons wise we'll pon - der Thy counsels gird our life.



EDITORIAL

The heart of America is behind its fighting men. Herein lies the key to our coming victory.

Let us consider Germany as a fighting nation. Since childhood, the boys now fighting have been trained until they have become fighting machines. They are fighting to win power for their Fuehrer, for their country, but in reality they are fighting for their enslavement.

In spite of their excellent mechanized equipment, their bountiful supplies, their well-trained leaders, and zest for power, the Germans are slowly losing ground, because the heart of Germany is not behind the fight.

In Japan, the case is much the same—the Japanese are fighting for land, honor, and world recognition. Their war production is tremendous, their manpower great, their trickery and battle methods are noted the world over and yet the victory will not be theirs; for the greatest force of all is not behind them—the heart of Japan. Their fight is backed only by a nation's greed and a nation's selfish, fiendish nature.

In America thousands of boys are in training camps and thousands more are on battlefronts all over the world. Their services were completely voluntary, either by enlistment or selection, by a group which the people themselves employ. This group keeps manpower regulated and selects the leaders from the civilian war workers.

Our American boys are not fighting for power or territorial gains; they do not fight under compulsion, but give freely of their time, their talents and their lives in many cases. They are fighting to protect the precious liberty and freedom, and to insure the comforts and safety of their loved ones and behind the boys and girls on our fighting fronts is the greatest force indicative of victory—the heart of a nation—America.

The Editor.

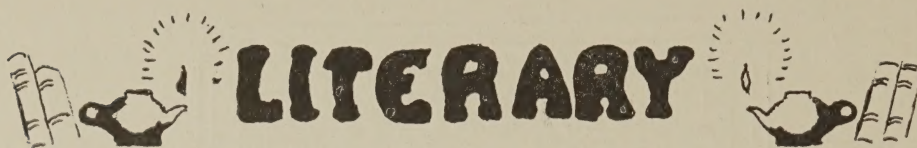
WELCOME

The Pinkerton Critic Staff wishes to extend a cordial welcome to the Freshman Class of 1947. We hope that you will have four successful and happy years at the Academy.

We also wish to welcome the new members of the Faculty. It is our wish that you will find your work at Pinkerton pleasant.

During the year we hope to live up to tradition and to present our readers with a magazine that will give you enjoyment.

The Critic Staff of 1943-44.



THE SPIRIT IN WHICH IT IS GIVEN

Business was slow. The Japs were lying in the brush about a hundred feet away; but they did not show any desire to fight. They were undoubtedly licking the wounds they had received the day before.

"Blondy" Larson sat behind his machine gun and swore to himself. His leg ached from a bayonet wound, his head ached from a concussion of exploding shells, and the rest of him ached from the constant pounding of the machine gun.

"Blondy" finished reloading the gun and then he lay back in the mud that filled the bottom of the pit. He didn't mind the mud; he was used to it. He had lived in that hole for two weeks and he was waiting for his relief.

The two weeks "Blondy" had spent in the machine gun nest were filled with mud, rain, bullets, Japs, and death.

Death left the biggest impression on "Blondy". He didn't mind killing Japs; but when his buddies died that was different. Those fellows he knew; they were part of him. They had folks back home who waited for them to come back.

This time of year must be hard on the folks back home. This was the time of year when folks back home were buying presents and trimming trees. It was the time of year when families wanted to be together. Yes, it must be tough; especially on the ones who knew their sons and sweethearts would never come back. Yes, this Christmas would be tough.

Christmas! How he would love to be back in Seattle with his mother and Dianne, his one and only.

But he should kick. He was only one of thousands who wished to be home again.

"Blondy" sat up suddenly; swung the gun and expertly knocked a sniper from a tree.

Yes, Christmas would be real homelike this year. A nice dinner of half cooked rice and stale bread and then he would sit around a blazing machine gun and curse the Japs.

"So what," thought "Blondy". If I keep 'em over here Mom and Dianne won't have to worry about 'em over there."

Christmas presents? Sure, he had lots of 'em. Nice shiny 50 cal. bullets ready to send special delivery to the nearest neighbor he saw.

About this time the snipers opened up and "Blondy" began firing. He cursed and fired and cursed again. Swearing had no visible effect on the Japs but it helped to release his pentup anger.

When "Blondy's" relief came he crawled out and limped two miles back to the base camp. He ate his bread and rice and washed it down with black coffee. Then he crawled between his blankets and was soon asleep.

"Blondy" never knew the shell landed nor did he care for he was killed in the explosion along with ten others.

"Blondy's" mother received a telegram the other day. It was from the War Department. It told of the death of her son.

That was a wonderful Christmas present, wasn't it?

A wonderful present sent by a little yellow ape. An ape driven by lust and hate and greed for power.

"Blondy" isn't keeping the little yellow apes back anymore, but his buddies are. They took up what he could not finish and they'll keep them back and wipe them out to boot.

"Blondy" isn't there himself but his spirit is. He's still watching the battle in spirit and he still guides the gun in his muddy machine gun nest because "Blondy" still has some Christmas presents to deliver.

You remember the saying, "It isn't the gift, but the spirit in which it is given." Well, believe me, "Blondy's" presents will be delivered with spirit.

Merle Johnson '44

THE ENDURABILITY OF PATRIOTISM

My patriotism has been undergoing a series of "ups and downs" of late. It all began on that cheery Monday morning on which school was to have reopened. The thirteenth—the day I was to start my career as an apple picker and win the war single handed. At last I was to do my bit, and it was a "bit" which involved doing something material. Picking apples! Would it be hard? Would it take much skill? Well, I would do my best—come what may.

My big, bright balloon of patriotism was deflated just the tiniest little bit when, on arriving at my "place of business", I and the others with me were informed that we would pick green tomatoes. Tomatoes! And green tomatoes at that. Oh, well, tomatoes were just as important as apples and they really needed to be picked. We would get to the apples. So I picked green tomatoes, ruined my shoes, and forgot to think about how much help I was being.

The next day things seemed even worse when we were informed by a cheery voice that it would be string beans today. By the time the day was over I was thinking of a poor, harmless, little string bean in terms that harmonized perfectly with the creaking of my back when I tried to move. Even the littlest move hurt. At this time my patriotism had hit a new l-o-w.

In spite of the above mentioned hardships we got to the apples. We did not pick off the trees to be sure, but what was the matter with drops? Nothing, except that it was an awfully warm day, that there was no basket left for me to pick into, and that even if there had been, I and the two people picking with me could not find a row of apple trees that had not been taken. So, with the three of us sharing one basket and picking "left overs", things went from bad to worse until it got to the point where we were thinking of such silly things as: Apples, apples everywhere, and not a "drop" to pick. Which ditty must give you some idea of how bad off we were and also how bad off my big bright balloon was.

However, with sufficient baskets came renewed strength and for the remainder of the day we did quite well. How indispensable to the war effort we felt. In fact we just bubbled over with indispensability—or perhaps it was just insensibility.

Why does there have to be an end to everything good? I do not know, but I do know what the “end” was in this particular case.

Poison ivy! One might as well mention the Black Plague to me as poison ivy. I would never pick another apple as long as I lived. As for patriotism—! There ended my career as an apple picker, drops or otherwise. I spent the next week at home amid potassium permanganate, boric acid, epsom salts, calamine lotion, and inoculations and had plenty of time to think about my deflated patriotism (between scratches).

The feeling of deflation did not last long, however. It could not. The memory of that feeling of “helping,” however little, was too good. Nevertheless by mid-week I was feeling the way a fifth columnist must, watching all the non-fifth columnists. The students who were still working were what I called my non-f. c.’s. Even the fact that I had a good reason for not working did not help much because there does not seem to be any room for excuses where doing your share is concerned.

Well, when my patriotism makes my poison ivy take a back seat, you may be sure it has something. I for one am glad I have it, patriotism, I mean, even if it did cost me poison ivy. But I am hoping for the better luck next time I delve into the art of apple picking.

There have been times when even patriotism has seemed like a simple subject in comparison with the mysteries involved in—you know what.

Verna O’Brien ’45

ALL’S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

When Limpy opened his eyes that morning something seemed wrong. He looked at the date on his pocket calendar. Yes, it was the twenty-fifth of December. Yet something was wrong. He slipped out of bed and opened the flap of the tent. Instead of the usual snow you see at Christmas there was nothing but sand, sand and more sand. Yes, Limpy was on an African desert. He had been there two months fighting the enemy.

Limpy went back inside the tent. He shook his buddy to waken him.

“Hi ya, Limpy, old boy,” was Ernie’s morning greeting.

“Hi,” replied Limpy with a look of despair.

“What’s the matter, Limpy?”

“Oh, nothing much. You guys all have packages and I haven’t. I can’t help thinking about Mom and Dad and Janie opening presents under the Christmas tree.”

“Oh, come on now, Limpy, none of that. You’re sure to get one in today’s mail. If you don’t I’ll let you open some of mine.”

All the time they had been talking, the two boys had been dressing.

“Gosh, Ernie, this doesn’t seem like Christmas at all. You really—What’s that?”

There was the sound of gun fire to the north. The boys grabbed their packs and their guns. In a matter of seconds they were on their way to fight the enemy.

It seemed like years before Limpy and Ernie returned that afternoon. There had only been a few German soldiers and they were captured easily, but the officers made them scout around to see if there were any more.

As soon as they reached camp, Ernie left his things in the tent and went to see if there was any mail. Limpy went to bed. He hadn't meant to, but the bed looked so good he had lain down and the bed felt so good he had fallen asleep.

About an hour later he was awakened by a poke in the ribs. He awoke with a start.

"What's up, Ernie?"

"Come on over to the canteen with me for a while," said Ernie. "It might get your spirits up."

Limpy slowly followed Ernie over to the canteen.

Limpy opened the door and was met by a loud shout of "Merry Christmas."

The whole camp was there. In one corner of the room there stood a queer Christmas tree. Limpy's eyes filled with tears. It was a young palm tree covered with pieces of string, rope and shiny articles. Under the tree were all the packages the boys had received.

Limpy and Ernie went over and sat down along the wall.

"Who made the tree, Ernie?"

"Oh, I guess I did," said Ernie. "Do you like it?"

Limpy grinned and nodded his head. Ernie could see there was a big lump in his throat. Suddenly Limpy's face lost its smile. Ernie knew what was the matter so he said nothing. He only hoped and prayed that there would be at least one package for Limpy. Some packages had come in today he had been told.

The men sang carols and then the chaplain gave out the packages.

The pile under the tree was very small now and still Limpy had nothing. His face was very white now. The other fellows were shouting and laughing, all but Limpy.

Suddenly the door burst open. A man stacked high with packages and mail bags rushed into the room and dumped them under the tree.

There were loud shouts and the chaplain started calling the names on the packages.

"Gordon Jones, William Bartlett, Leonard Peters," the chaplain called, "Will Bailey."

Limpy started forward. They had called his name. Leonard Peters, His name!

Ernie sat and grinned, the tears running down his face.

When Limpy came back he had five bundles and several letters. His face was wreathed in smiles. He sat down beside Ernie and together they started to open their packages.

That night a contented Limpy dropped off to sleep. In the other half of the tent a boy was finishing his prayers.

"— and thank you, God, for answering my prayers and bringing Limpy some boxes and things. Amen."

THE POSTMAN

Here comes the postman! Many a time this joyous shout has come from the mouth of a child. For even a child knows the importance of the postman. To a child, the postman is one who brings gifts, cards, letters, and many other happy things of life. Even though an older person would not express his feelings out loud, he feels about the same way when he sees the postman coming.

Many people who travel from door to door are accustomed to angry words or having doors slammed in their faces, but not the postman. On the contrary, he is waited for and always welcomed with a smile. Nobody objects to his coming. Nobody objects to his ringing the bell or disturbing him from other work. In fact, you are very disappointed if he does not come up the path with his large bag of letters slung over his arm. You are greatly let down if he walks by your house without turning in. The longer he stays at your door the better you like it because that means that he has more letters for you. It means it is taking him a long time to find them all.

He might come up the path with a handful of bills. He might be carrying a letter of great sadness. One of the letters from his great bag might announce the death of a dear friend. You would much rather do without any of these things, but, of course, there are many days when his bag carries only happy letters and joyous surprises for you. We certainly can compare the postman with the sundial in the yard. For you see, like the sundial, he records only the sunny hours when he has brought messages of happiness to you.

Pauline Nelson '46

HATS

Hats are for other people, but not for me. I am one of those creatures, authors speak of as "wandering bareheaded through the mist". Well, not quite. I do wear kerchiefs for my fumbling through mists. And don't say I shouldn't because I have a round face!

I have sworn off hats until I reach maturity. While adolescent, however, I refuse to settle for puerile beanies, campus hats which make me look as if I'd been squashed in, or demure, but dumpy bonnets. It's Schiaparelli or nothing for me.

I almost did buy a hat once. It was last summer when I was flush with the profits of my work as a waitress at a local beanery. It was a black pill box with a veil and gold embroidery. The price of this little number was \$4.95. That got me. When you're used to shelling out four bits on a kerchief, ten times that amount seems quite a sum for headgear. Still, I was tempted. If I say so myself, that hat made me look like a full page ad in "Mademoiselle". It had glamor and plenty of it.

So for two days, I had a ringside seat for a wrestling match between my conscience and the Dibbil. Well, the Dibbil won, and I had the hat laid away until my next payday.

In an hour I returned to the forbidding character with whom I'd made the deal. Feebly, I informed her that maybe she'd better not lay it away. She did a fast freeze from zero to 20 below. I didn't even ask for a refund on my deposit; I simply fled with my flag at half mast. I never returned.

I'm still wandering kerchiefed through mists and snows or almost anything. But don't get me wrong. I like hats. You might even add in a general mood that hats don't look so revolting on me either. It's just that as I said before, I'll take Schiaparelli or nothing.

Areadne Katsakiores '45



Class Air Mail



Room Six
Pinkerton Academy
Derry Village, N. H.

Dear Readers:

Despite adverse conditions we returned fifty-two strong for our last year at Pinkerton. We have one new member in our class, Eddy Herbert from West Virginia. We also have a new class adviser this year, Mr. Alfred Conner.

The first important thing we did was to elect class officers. They are as follows:

President	Raymond Buckley
Vice President	Jacqueline Cassidy
Secretary	Lorraine Ninan
Treasurer	Wallace Scott
Student Council	Virginia Smith
	Thurman Johnson

On October seventh, the Seniors and members of the Faculty hiked to one of Benson's camps at Beaver Lake for the Senior Corn Roast. It's safe to say that a very enjoyable time was had by all.

The Senior Class gave the Freshman Reception to welcome the class of 1947. Music was furnished by Za-Za Ludwig and his orchestra. This event also proved to be a great success.

In November we received our class pictures from the Vantine studio. Signing and distributing them kept more than one Senior out of mischief for a few days.

Seniors playing football for P. A. this year were Robert Bover, Ronald Evans, Thurman Johnson, Raymond Buckley and Leander Burdick.

Leander Burdick left November 26 for the army. We all extend our best wishes and lots of luck to him.

Now for a few choice bits of gossip. Have you heard—

1. That according to Buster someone should move Chester nearer to Derry? He's doing his best under the circumstances.
2. That East Derry has two new patrol men? Johnson and Johnson, Inc. of the Senior Class.
3. That before his induction into the army, Leander Burdick enjoyed long walks to Webster's Corner?
4. That everyone was pleased to see that Mr. Condon had found his class ring? Now I'm afraid he's lost it again. Hope (less) isn't it?
5. That after the Corn Roast Beanie was very nice and took some of the Senior girls on a nice long ride?
6. That looking at furniture in Manchester stores is a favorite pastime of a Senior boy and that certain Village alumna.
7. That Ronnie has an unknown rival from Townsend? Don't let it get you down, Ronnie; Townsend is a long way off.

Well, that's all the news of the Senior Class for now but we'll keep you posted.

Sincerely,
Class of 1944
Elaine Pitt

P. S. Here is a list of the boys from our Class who have left school to join the armed forces. We wish them all the best of luck and we'll be seeing you soon.

Bernard Dick	Charles Sing
Harold Chapman	Russell Brooks
Warren Bailey	John Filipe
George Kachavos	Leander Burdick



Room 5
Pinkerton Academy
Derry Village, N. H.

Dear Readers,

When we arrived at school, after having done our part in the war effort by helping the farmers gather their crops, we were ready and willing to start the school year.

The following officers were elected for the school year :

President	Albert Booky
Vice President	Patricia Senter
Secretary	Gloria Gallien
Treasurer	Henry Spaulding
Student Council	Miriam Dearborn
	Robert Eddy

Note: At this meeting Sherman Brickett was elected to take Albert Booky's place after he entered the United States Army.

The following committee has been chosen to select the class rings :

Chairman	Gloria Gallien
Barbara Gallien	Henry Spaulding
Barbara Griffin	Sherman Brickett

We are proud that our class makes up a good part of the varsity football squad. They are as follows :

William Levandowski	Robert Eddy
Harold Moynihan	Courtney Allen
George Hicks	Frederick Ball

Albert Booky was elected captain of the team in place of George Kachavos.

Albert Perkins, Neal DeGroot, Albert Booky and Robert Eddy represent our class in the armed forces.

The chairmen of the Junior Prom committees have been elected. They are:

Prom Chairman	Sherman Brickett
Invitations	Barbara Griffin
Tickets	Gloria Monkley
Decorations	Henry Spaulding
Orchestra	Gloria Gallien
Refreshments	Claire Cote
Programs	Frederick Ball

Each chairman was left to choose his own committee.

Areadne Katsakiores supervised the planning of the party that our class gave Albert Booky on Monday night, October 1. The party was held at the Association Hall. On behalf of the class, Sherman Brickett presented a gift to "Al".

Miriam Dearborn, who transferred from Abbot Academy, Andover, is a new member of our class.

Our class adviser this year is Mr. Robert Nicoll; his advice and assistance is much appreciated by the Junior Class.

JUNIOR GOSSIP

What certain Junior boy has been keeping our Principal awake nights by visiting his boarder?

We would like to know if four of our class members enjoyed sitting on a stonewall on East Broadway most of Hallowe'en night?

What certain Junior boy bought his current girl friend a box of chocolates for her birthday and then ate them all himself?

We often wonder what caused the sudden fashion of wearing bowties by both boys and girls.

We are all wondering why two Junior girls walked back and forth from Derry to Derry Village four or five times on Hallowe'en night.

We wonder why Monyihan feels that it is compulsory to dance with one girl all through a dance.

Sincerely yours,

The Junior Class
Joan Curtis



Rooms 7-8
Pinkerton Academy
Derry Village, N. H.

Dear Readers,

We have elected our class officers and they are as follows:

President	Ernest Booky
Vice President	Vera Wingate
Secretary	Barbara Wheeler
Treasurer	Wayne Evans
Student Council	Dorothy Young
	Donald Small

As you know the Sophomore Class each year puts on a Hallowe'en party. These people were elected for the committees:

Refreshment	Phyllis Carey Marjorie Cummings Raymond Levesque Wayne Evans
Decoration	Monica Orzechowski Louise Smith Thomas Moynihan Richard McAllister
Orchestra	Shirley Abbott Yvonne Bibeault Kenneth Hartman Raymond Thibeault

The chairman of the committees was our class president, Ernest Booky.

The party was held October 29. Both students and faculty wore costumes.

We thank Mr. McKernan, our class adviser, for his advice and helpfulness which helped to make our party a success.

The Prize Waltz was won by Claire Cote and Frederick Ball. The prizes for the funniest costumes were won by Virginia Smith and William Merrill. The prizes for the most original were awarded to Miriam Dearborn and Roger Wallace.

The Class of '46 had a good field hockey team this year. Amy Bunker was voted captain. Marjorie Cummings was chosen manager. Shirley Abbott, Phyllis Carey, Claire Bienvenue, Yvonne Bibeault, Marilyn Gordon, Ruth Kimball, Louise Smith and Gloria White were on the team.

This year there are three Sophomore boys on the varsity football team—Robert Record, Raymond Thibeault and Wayne Evans. Myron Potter, Kenneth Hartman, Ernest Booky, Lawrence Hayes, Frank Young, Thomas Moynihan, Norman Sunderland and Donald Scott are on the second team.

Paul Jodoin, a former classmate, who left our class last January to join the Marines is now a corporal. He is stationed in California.

There are a lot of rumors going around. Here are a few things our class is wondering about:

Is it the temperature or high blood pressure that makes it so warm in Gibbs' hall?

Do Edith and Wayne always play marbles at parties?

What does Peggy find so attractive about "spotlight"?

Now that Ruthie has a "borrowed watch", she is learning to tell time.

Just because two football boys don't have enough practice during the day is no excuse for them to chase two alumnae around the field late at night.

Wonder why a certain tow-headed lad is always saying, "Let's go hunting in Hampstead."—For what?

Geometry problem: If I can walk a mile in fifteen minutes, why does it take SOME people two hours to walk a quarter of a mile?

What is so fascinating besides the scenery at Newton Junction?

Hartman has his car all trained. He turns the key and the car is off toward Londonderry all by itself.

So long until next Critic time.

Sincerely,



Vera Wingate '46

Freshman Building
Pinkerton Academy
Derry Village, N. H.

Dear Readers,

Pinkerton Academy did not open until September 27 as the students helped the farmers to harvest their crops.

All of the Freshmen took the initiation in the right spirit. The girls appeared in bizarre costumes on the day of initiation. They wore a combination of male and female attire. It was hard to recognize the girls as lipstick and burnt cork were used freely on their faces. Books were carried to classes in pans.

On the night of October 15, the annual Freshman Reception was held. All who attended fully enjoyed a pleasant evening. The Freshmen wore pink and blue bonnets.

A large group of girls went out for field hockey. Agnes Griffin was elected captain.

Robert Bertrand, Louis O'Brien, and Norman Merizon represented the Freshman Class on the football squad.

Sincerely,

Avis Carey

FRESHMAN GOSSIP

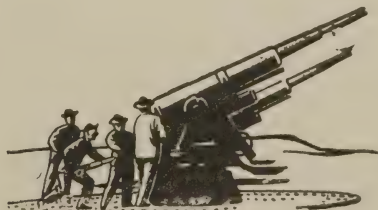
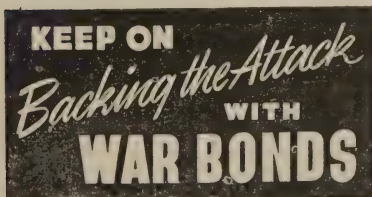
Who is the Freshman girl called "Honey"?

What was the "cobbler's son" doing on Howard Avenue on the night of Hallowe'en?

Why do you always see Paul Curtis headed for a certain home on South Avenue?

Who is the Junior boy with whom "Mac" likes to dance?

Who is the Freshman girl who says she likes a boy named Joe but always talks about "Lefty"?



Boys' Athletic Notes

Pinkerton Academy
Derry Village, N. H.

Dear Bob,

In answer to your queries about the P. A. football team, I'll give you the lowdown on the season as seen by the fans.

The season started off with an out-of-town game at Billerica, Mass. The boys were for the most part inexperienced in the art of football, but under the able teaching of Coach Gordon McKernon, they played a hard game. The final score was a 0-0 tie. The team spent the weekend recovering from aches and bruises received in the game.

The next game was with Manchester West. With the experience of the first game, the team went after their first win of the season. They played a better game than their heavily favored opponents and came out on top with a 7-6 score. Captain Booky scored for our team and Ray Thibeault kicked the extra point.

Determined to win their next game for Captain Al Booky, the boys met another, heavier team from Manchester, St. Joseph's Cathedral. The boys played a hard game and the score was a 7-7 tie. A pass from Eddy to Ball resulted in the score for P. A. Ray Thibeault kicked the point after the touchdown.

The game with St. Joseph's was Capt. Booky's last for P. A. He left for service in the armed forces the day before Pinkerton's game with Methuen at Methuen. The team played hard against a heavier and superior Methuen team and met their first defeat by a score of 20-6. Ball scored on a pass from Eddy. Thibeault's kick for the point failed.

On Saturday, November 6, Pinkerton met a weak Chelmsford team but though they pushed to their opponent's goal several times, they tallied only once on an end run by "Ike" Johnson. A long pass by Chelmsford succeeded for a touchdown and the game ended in a 6-6 tie with the ball in possession of P. A. on the Chelmsford 2 yard line. This game was Bob Eddy's last for P. A. He left for the Navy on Thursday, November 11. To him and Captain Al Booky, the team and friends send best wishes.

Pinkerton played its last game of the season on Saturday, November 13th on the Pinkerton Oval, with Tewksbury High School of Tewksbury, Massachusetts.

Ray Thibeault was appointed acting captain of the game. Playing solidly and together for the first time in many starts, Pinkerton proceeded to push down the field. Near the end of the game, a large score had been run up through the able passing of Levandowski to Ball which accounted for three of the tallies.

The boys whom Coach McKernan hopes to use next year were sent into the game and proceeded down the field for another score on a pass from Record to Hartman who was standing in the end zone. The final score was 31-0.

Thus ended a successful season for P. A.'s football team. A total of fifty-seven points to our opponents' thirty-nine was accumulated and losing only one game, tying three and winning two showed that the season was nearly an undefeated one.

Albert Booky was elected captain by the lettermen in place of George Kachavos, now in the armed forces. After Al left, Coach McKernan appointed Freddie Ball captain for the Methuen game. Bob Eddy and Freddie Ball acted as co-captains in the Chelmsford game. Ray Thibeault was acting captain of the Tewksbury game.

Coach McKernan should be congratulated on his turning raw material into a team that upheld Pinkerton's name.

Sincerely,

Frederick Ball

Girls' Athletic Notes

Dear Lynne,

Due to the fact that school started late, the Field Hockey schedule was delayed. Mr. Stergios, however, taught the Freshman girls the fundamentals of the game and without any practice class teams set out to win championship honors.

Class Captains were elected as follows:

Seniors	Helen Berry	Sophomores	Amy Bunker
Juniors	Gloria Gallien	Freshmen	Agnes Griffen

Miss Morrill, our coach, made out a schedule and class games got under-way.

The Seniors were winners of the first half; the second half has not yet been completed so a playoff is expected in the near future.

Results of the Hockey Games, which have been played, are as follows:

	Games Played	Won	Lost	Tied
Seniors	5	3	1	1
Juniors	5	4	1	
Sophomores	5		3	2
Freshmen	5	1	3	1

An Honorary Varsity Hockey Team has been chosen with Glenna Cote as Captain and Elaine Pitt, Manager. The following girls were chosen, for their outstanding playing in class games and for sportsmanship:

Center	Virginia Smith
Center Halfback	Glenna Cote
Right Inner	Gloria Gallien
Left Inner	Claire Dion
Right Halfback	Claire Cote
Left Halfback	Areadne Katsakiores
Right Wing	Pauline DuVarney
Left Wing	Lorraine Ninan
Right Fullback	Helen Lambert
Left Fullback	Shirley Ross
Goalie	Helen Berry

Substitutes

Barbara Gallien

Amy Bunker

Eleanor Martel

Then came the thriller; the Galloping Wolves of the Senior Class accepted a challenge from Mr. Conner's Lambs for a game of hockey, and on November 18, they plowed their way through the snow in full array, and the game got underway. Those wolves really surprised the girls, for after four five minute periods, the mud splattered girls, and I do mean mud splattered, went down for a 2-1 defeat to those mighty Senior Boys.

The lineup for the game was as follows:

Position	Girls	Boys
Center	Take it Easy on my Ankle Smith	Thomas Caron
Center Halfback	Out to Kill Caron Cote	Ronald Evans
Right Inner	Fender Bender Ninan	Robert Bover
Left Inner	Dead Eye DuVarney	Raymond Buckley
Right Halfback	Solid Sender Stannard	Herbert Bean
Left Halfback	Pistol Packin' Pitt	Wallace Scott
Right Wing	Killer Carey	Arthur MacGregor
Left Wing	Moron Merrill	Leo Bellavance
Right Fullback	Hard Slugger Ross	Roger Stewart
Left Fullback	Mow 'em Down Lambert	Leon Smith
Goalie	Capt. Bubble Bustin' Berry	William Merrill

We didn't have any tennis this fall but we plan to have a tournament this spring so I'll tell you about it then.

Sincerely yours,

Glenna Cote



ROVING REPORTER

UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS

Hq. Co. Service Bn.

Hadnot Point

New River, N. C.

October 5, 1943

Dear Roving Reporter,

What does Christmas mean to me this year? Truly this is a sensitive subject to a lot of us here in camp.

To me it should mean satisfaction and the fulfillment of a dream—complete rest and relaxation. But the closer Christmas comes, the further away it seems, for it has little or no new meaning to me at all. It will be just another day here. Do you want to know why I feel this way?

Because I am reminded of another Christmas which wasn't a Christmas at all spent in the clutches of rotten Guadalcanal. There man's best friend was his own eyes, his ears, and his rifle plus the shadow of God at his side.

It was a few days before Christmas and my outfit had orders to take up new positions, offensive positions.

On the march we stopped once after dark. Tired and wet we sat down, not daring to lie down, for in our condition we knew we might fall asleep. Somewhere up ahead we could hear singing. Too tired to move closer together for better harmony each man joined in just where he was. I have no idea what "Ave Maria" sounded like that night but it was beautiful to me. That was all the Christmas we had. The actual day is but a hazy dream to me, for soon after we were well on in our big push.

And it will be the same for many more this Christmas. On Bougainville they will say exactly what we said. "Where are our reinforcements? Why don't we get relieved? What about all those men back in the 'States'?"

You have rationing and taxes, Civil strife and hardships but for them, your fathers, sons and brothers, have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, because they would want it that way.

As for me, my six months' minimum stay in the 'States' is up this January. My transfer to combat duty is in now.

Yours respectfully,

P. F. C. John U. Howard

U. S. M. C.

WHAT CHRISTMAS MEANS TO ME THIS YEAR

Christmas has a far different meaning to me this year than ever before. While it used to mean turkey, dressing, cranberry sauce, a tree all covered with multi-colored lights and ornaments, parties, dances, and the ever exciting exchanging of gifts between loved ones and the renewal of old acquaintances—it's all changed now. Not because of anything I or any other American did, but because of a few too greedy self-called masters, who wish to plot the destiny of the world.

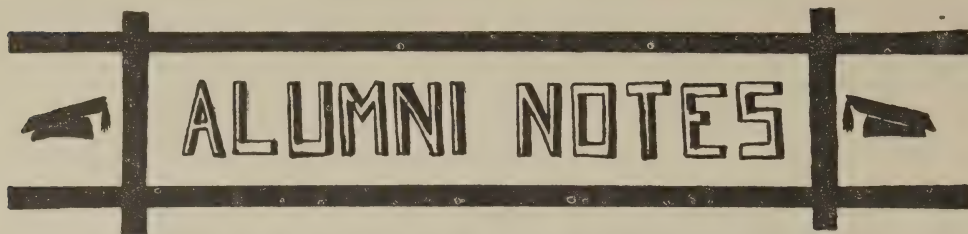
And that brings me to what Christmas means this year to this humble soldier. It means an added reason why we should strain our every effort, our every action toward one aim and that is to bring this holocaust, this terrible war to a successful and conclusive end so that we might again celebrate and enjoy not only Christmas, but every other day in the year as we please and desire and not have to be told how to worship, what to eat, what to say and for whom to vote.

So this Christmas has the distinction of being an added incentive for us to bend our every effort to end this war soon so that we might be able to have all the boys home for the next one and America working together and that means war workers, men and women in the service, people at home, all doing their utmost, their best in every manner possible towards that one end—VICTORY.

Pvt. Joseph Booky

3105 Sig. Sv. Co.

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ALUMNI NOTES

The following members of the class of 1943 are in the service of their country:

Army	Navy	Marines
Hall, Raymond	Page, Melvin	Moynihan, Frank
Chadwick, Howard	Parmenter, Draper	Nurse Cadet Corps
Martin, Oliver	Robinson, Walter	Martel, Irene
Patten, George	Routhier, Roland	U. S. Maritime Service
Pressey, Roland	Shepard, Calvin	Blais, Vincent
Taylor, Wendall	Wells, Richard	Stewart, William
Willey, George		

Those who are continuing their education in various schools and colleges are:

Davis, Patricia	Bates College	Lewiston, Me.
Gross, Ethel	Rider College	Trenton, N. J.
Pickering, Flora	Margaret Pillsbury Hospital	Concord, N. H.
Legendre, Rita	Hesser Business College	Manchester, N. H.

Still others found it more profitable to remain in Derry and nearby towns:

Allen, Elaine	Derry Village, N. H.
Allen, Fred	Derry, N. H.
Ball, Phyllis	Derry, N. H.
Chase, Richard	Derry, N. H.
Dooley, Lillian	Derry, N. H.
Hartman, Marjorie	Derry Village, N. H.
Joslyn, Barbara	Derry, N. H.
Kelly, Norton	Derry Village, N. H.
Kisiel, Wanda	Derry, N. H.
Marquis, Rita	Derry, N. H.
O'Connor, Nancy	Derry, N. H.
Robitaille, Cecile	Derry, N. H.
Saunders, Arthur	Auburn, N. H.
Skibb, Mitchel	Derry, N. H.
Wilson, Viola	Derry, N. H.

Among those that have found positions in distant towns and cities are :

Bibeault, Grace		Lowell, Mass.
Dumont, Marilyn		Hartford, Conn.
Kelly, Virginia		Manchester, N. H.
Manning, Madaline		Hartford, Conn.
Manning, Margaret		Hartford, Conn.
Perry, Patricia	(Mrs. Gail Johnson)	Manchester, N. H.
Pingree, Marjorie	(Mrs. John Cashwell)	Manchester, N. H.
Scholz, Aida		Washington, D. C.
Torrey, Ruth	(Mrs. Donald Wells)	Newport, R. I.

INTERESTING ITEMS

Ruth Torrey '43 became the bride of Donald Wells '42 during August. The couple are making their home in Newport, R. I. where Donald is now stationed.

Marjorie Pingree '43 married John Cashwell of Aubrey, North Carolina early in July. Marjorie is now residing in Manchester where her husband is stationed.

Patricia Perry '43 became the bride of Gail Johnson '38 in November. Gail is stationed in Nevada.

Barbara Weston '41 married Edward Gratton during the summer. The couple are living in Derry at present.

The engagement of Beatrice A. Robitaille to Cpl. Vincent H. Cassidy Jr. was recently announced. Vincent '41 was home on furlough during November, after seeing action in the South Pacific area and becoming nationally known for his poetry and heroic action during battle.

Sgt. Charles Myatt, a graduate with the class of 1938 and a veteran of Pacific fighting, recently returned home to spend a 30 day furlough.

Gwendolyn Doubleday '42 left recently for active duty in the WAVES.

The engagement of Wanda Kisiel '43 to Oscar Apkarian of Methuen, Mass. was announced in November.

Allurtine Phaneuf of Nashua, N. H. became engaged to Glenn Wright '39. Glenn recently received his commission as Second Lieutenant in the Army of the United States at Camp Hood, Texas.

Robert N. Shaw '42 recently left for Naval Aviation Training base at Pensacola, Florida.

Margaret Manning '43 became engaged to Albert Marcott '39 during the summer. Albert is stationed at the Naval Air Station, Quonset Point, R. I.

We were glad to hear that Leon Dick '42 has been given the American Farmer degree. This is the highest award given to any Future Farmer member for project work.

The engagement of Constance Clark, Concord, N. H. (formerly of Pinkerton) and Howard Richardson was announced this summer. Howard recently completed an Aircraft Radio Course at the Army Air Force Training Command in Philadelphia, Pa.

Barbara Keith '41 who recently entered the Woman's Reserve of the Marine Corps, has started training at Camp Lejeune.

A son was born recently to Mr. and Mrs. Richard Gonye. Mrs. Gonye is the former Ruth Welch and graduated with the class of 1941. Mr. Gonye graduated with the class of 1933.

The engagement of Jacqueline Cassidy '44 to Aviation Cadet Gordon Robie '41 was announced early this summer. Gordon is stationed at Albany, Georgia.

Lt. Arthur Holden U. S. N. married Miss Lillian Gagan of Revere, Mass. Lt. Holden was a graduate of Pinkerton Academy.

Lt. Bruce Clark U. S. A. married Bobby Jane Warkenten of Yukon, Oklahoma. Lt. Clark is a graduate of the class of 1938.

Janet Messier '39 recently graduated from Springfield Memorial Hospital, Springfield, Mass.



Crow Notes

Don't let "Zeke's" unaffectionate attitude toward the fellows kid you. She's quite fond of some of them. Ask Haysie!

The Senior Class president has been anxious to get into football scrimmage against a certain Sophomore fellow, (hint: He's from Methuen). We wonder if what occurred at Al's party has anything to do with this. Elaine says, "Oh, I don't see why."

What Senior girl doesn't like to be called N. B. C.?

Why is Jerry Stannard's new theme song, "Carey me back Holm"?

Brice Ham had better be careful. If Mr. Devine ever catches up with him he'll be "chopped ham".

We wonder if Louie Kachavos can make it home by 10:15 after school dances if he walks up to Howard Street. Think he does, Dorcas?

Could it be that Leon Smith likes the name Frank Sinatra because of his gala performance at Al's party?

Could it be that Roger Stewart is called "Hitler" because he has captured Poland?

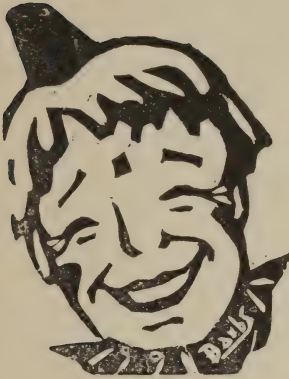
We wonder if the Sophomore president likes practice so much that he has to run around the football field at 11 o'clock at night with a certain Derry Village alumna, (hint: She has a brother, Courtney).

What Sophomore tackle likes to tie girls to his desk in History class, 6th period? Look out, Ray, Wayne Evans will be after you.

Could Pauline DuVarney's interest in the "Mitchell" Bomber be in the plane or the name?

Humor

CAN YOU IMAGINE



Ginny Smith not liking (basket)ball.
 Dot Merrill with her "bill" fold.
 Donald Condon at school on time.
 Charlie Saunders at school 5 days a week.
 Robert Eddy with only one girl.
 Phyllis Watts not talking.
 Ray Buckley blushing.
 Muriel Bain not flustered.
 Avis Carey a softie.
 Dorcas Caron walking home from the movies alone.
 Lorraine and Jerry without a "Holm".
 Merle Johnson missing a Girl Reserve Meeting.
 Jackie not getting a letter every day.
 Bover not in Derry Village.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

Beanie hasn't washed his neck since the Senior Corn Roast.
 The Letterwomen now enjoy having meetings.
 Buster Caron has a steady girl.
 Buckley . . . Last night I took Elaine Pitt home from the show and I bought her a
 hot dog and a coke.
 Beanie . . . Where did you go after?
 Buckley . . . Oh, I took her for a ride around Beaver Lake.
 Beanie . . . Did you kiss her goodnight?
 Buckley . . . No, I thought I had done enough for her.

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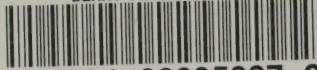
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